WIN A DATE WITH STINKY! DETAILS INSIDE!

No. 3 / $2.00 ($2.50 CAN.)

HATE

BUDDY BARES ALL ABOUT GEORGE!

GEORGE BARES ALL ABOUT BUDDY!

STINKY BARES ALL!

VALERIE: IS SHE DESPERATE?

LISA: HUMAN GARBAGE?

PLUS: TONS OF LETTERS FROM OUR FAB READERS! HUNDREDS OF DRAWINGS BY PETER BAGGE! LOTS OF HOUSE ADS FROM FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS!

HATE #3 • FALL '90 • CREATED BY PETER BAGGE • EDITED BY KIM THOMPSON • PRODUCTION BY ROBERTA GREGORY • TYPESETTER: GIL JORDAN • CIRCULATION: MICHELLE BYRD AND SHARON KINGSFORD • COLOR SEPS BY RAYSON FILMS • PRINTED AT PORT PUBLICATIONS • PUBLISHED BY KIM THOMPSON & GARY GROTH

• EDITORIAL • WHEW! HERE IT IS, *HATE* #3, A WHOLE MONTH LATE, I KNOW, I KNOW, BUT I'M AMAZED I GOT IT DONE AT ALL, NOW THAT I'M A PROUD PAPA & I'M DOIN' THE OL' "MR. MOM" ROUTINE (HER NAME IS HANNAH ROSE CONNELLY BAGGE, BORN 8/17/90, IS CUTE AS THE DICKENS AND *LOVES* TO RECEIVE UNEXPECTED PRESENTS IN THE MAIL, HINT, HINT, WINK, WINK!) AND NEEDLESS TO SAY IT'S SLOWING ME DOWN QUITE A BIT. BUT DON'T WORRY, I'LL BE GRINDING OUT THE *HATE*S ON A REGULAR BASIS, SOMEHOW OR ANOTHER. ANYTHING TO KEEP YOU WHINY BASTARDS SATISFIED! • SPEAKING OF WHICH, I'M SO GLAD YOU ALL SEEMED TO ENJOY *HATE* #2 SO MUCH. SUCH A NICE RESPONSE IT RECEIVED, IT REALLY WARMED MY COCKLES. ESPECIALLY SINCE SO MANY OF YOU WERE DISAPPOINTED WITH #1, ESPECIALLY THE NOTORIOUSLY SELF-INDULGENT "HATE ISLAND" STORY. SO MUCH FOR MY EVER MAKING IT RICH OFF OF GARY GROTH AND KIM THOMPSON ACTION FIGURES! • OH, AND THAT REMINDS ME, I APPARENTLY GAVE THE IMPRESSION IN THAT STORY THAT I WAS DESPERATE TO TRY *ANYTHING* JUST TO "STRIKE IT RICH." *OF COURSE* I'D LIKE TO MAKE LOTS OF MONEY, BUT ALL THE CHANGES I MADE WITH *HATE* WERE FOR ESTHETIC REASONS, AND IN *NO WAY* DID I COMPROMISE MYSELF ON THIS BOOK JUST TO MAKE A BUCK! I'M SURE ALL OF YOU HACKS OUT THERE ARE SNEERING RIGHT NOW, BUT IT'S TRUE! AND IT JUST SO HAPPENS THAT *HATE* IS SELLING MUCH BETTER THAN STUPID OL' *NEAT STUFF* EVER DID, SO I AM ONE SELF-SATISFIED SON-OF-A-BITCH RIGHT NOW, LEMME TELL YA. IN FACT, I COULD GO ON AND ON ABOUT WHAT A SWELL LIFE I LIVE AT THE MOMENT, BUT I DON'T WANT TO JINX MYSELF. PLUS IT'LL PROBABLY MAKE YOU PUKE, SO I'LL SPARE YA. • PLUGAROONIE TIME: ORDER BILL RANDAZZO'S SPOKEN WORD TAPES AND FIND OUT WHAT LURKS BENEATH THE SURFACE OF A DRUNKEN SUBURBANITE! $4.00 TO AARDVARK FARMS, BOX 499, RT. 52, HOLMES, NY 12531. WHILE YOU'RE AT IT THROW IN A BUCK FOR A COPY OF R. SCHULZE'S *ZOMBIE VOMIT* MAGAZINE FROM THE SAME ADDRESS. IT'S SMUTTY AND NUTTY!. . . BUY THE FRIEDMAN BROS.' NEW BOOK, *WARTS AND ALL*. IT'S PUBLISHED BY PENGUIN SO IT SHOULD BE AVAILABLE IN MOST BOOKSTORES, AND IT'S WELL WORTH THE $9.95 COVER PRICE—HILARIOUS STORIES, STUNNING ARTWORK!. . .ORDER CHRIS GILLA'S MINI-COMICS, ESPECIALLY *SLAP-HAPPY COMICS*. THEY'RE VERY FUNNY. WHAT ELSE CAN I SAY? $2.00 WILL GET YOU AT LEAST A FEW TITLES. BOX 41302, TUCSON, AZ 85717. . . *BREAKFAST WITHOUT MEAT*—THESE PEOPLE LITERALLY *WORSHIP* THE ABSOLUTE WORST POP-CULTURE TRASH FROM THE '60S AND THE '70S. MUST BE SEEN TO BE BELIEVED! $1.75 TO: BOX 15927, SANTA FE, NM 87506. • HELLOS AND THANKS TO: FIRE-VICTIMS JOHN BIRD & MARY LOWRY, STEVE LEACH, STEVE & SEAN AND ALL THE OTHER HAIRY HIPSTERS FROM THE BEGUILING IN TORONTO, BRUCE ADAMS, REBECKA WRIGHT, BRIAN HICKMAN, THE TERROR OF BRICKTOWN, NJ., PAUL COWEN AND HIS ARCH-ENEMY, THE GOETHE-QUOTING GREG HOHNHOLT, BRAD JOHNSON, KEVIN ATKINSON, IVAN LERNER, MIKE LAVELLA, STARLEN BAXTER, TONY FITZGERALD, KARL HEITMUELLER, JOHNNY APOLLO & BRILLO, MIKE VEIT, TODD & KATHY SCHORR, LUC GIARD, SAM HENDERSON, JOHN CONNELL, DARREN MARINUK, DEAN WILLIAMS, GLENN BARR, TOM ANDRUKEVICH, AND TIM JOHNSON. • ENJOY THE COMIC! LATER, GATE'S! • —P.B.

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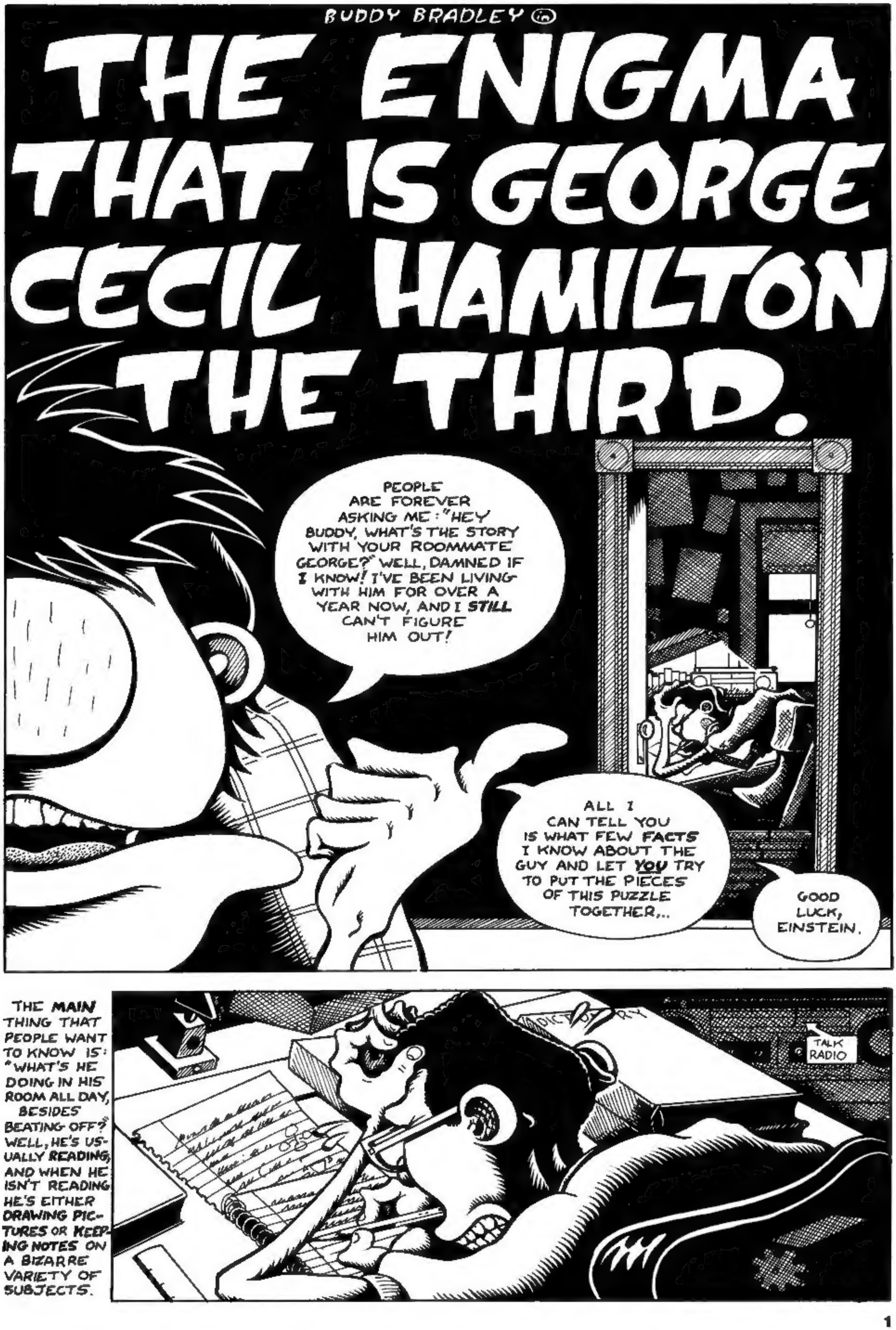
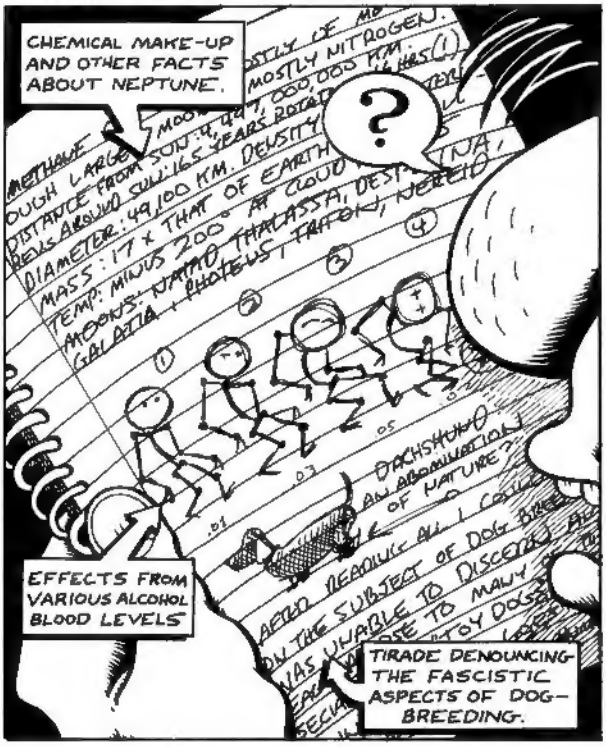
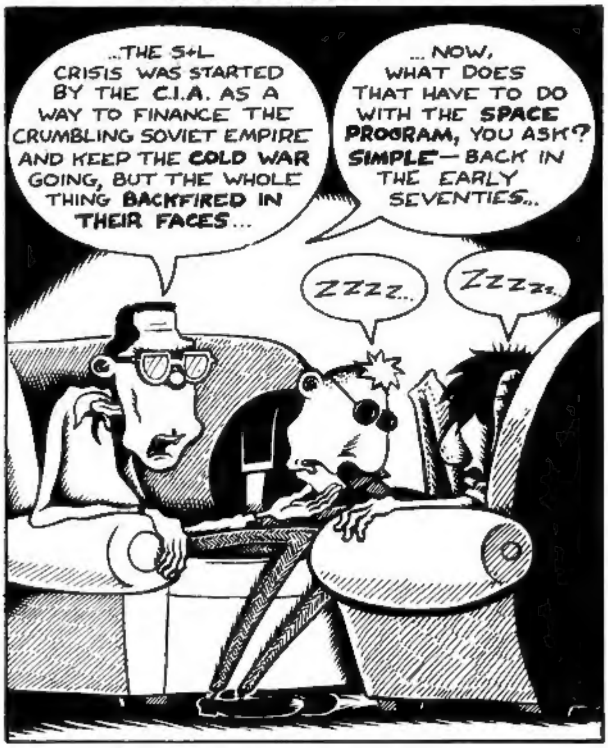

BUDDY BRADLEY in
THE ENIGMA THAT IS GEORGE CECIL HAMILTON THE THIRD.
PEOPLE ARE FOREVER ASKING ME: "HEY BUDDY, WHAT'S THE STORY WITH YOUR ROOMMATE GEORGE?" WELL, DAMNED IF I KNOW! I'VE BEEN LIVING WITH HIM FOR OVER A YEAR NOW, AND I STILL CAN'T FIGURE HIM OUT!
ALL I CAN TELL YOU IS WHAT FEW FACTS I KNOW ABOUT THE GUY AND LET YOU TRY TO PUT THE PIECES OF THIS PUZZLE TOGETHER...
GOOD LUCK, EINSTEIN.
THE MAIN THING THAT PEOPLE WANT TO KNOW IS: "WHAT'S HE DOING IN HIS ROOM ALL DAY, BESIDES BEATING OFF?" WELL, HE'S USUALLY READING, AND WHEN HE ISN'T READING HE'S EITHER DRAWING PICTURES OR KEEPING NOTES ON A BIZARRE VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.
TALK RADIO

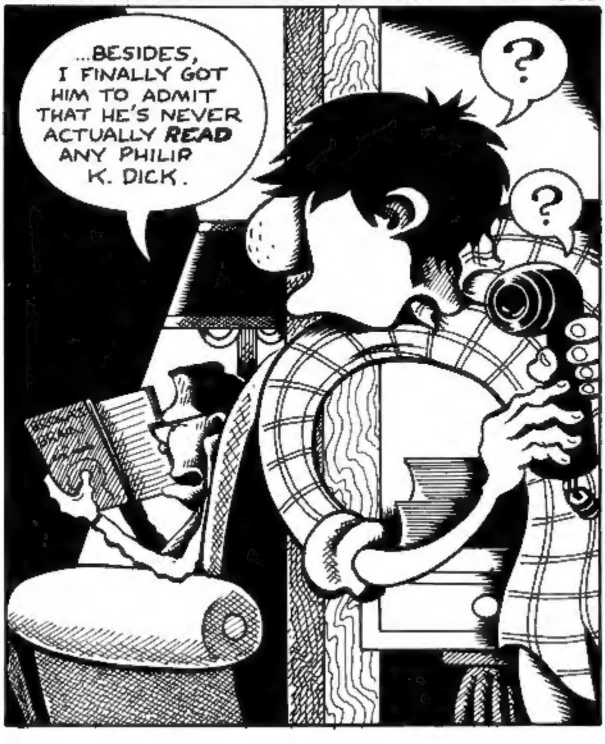
I WISH I COULD TELL YOU THAT ALL OF HIS EFFORTS WERE LEADING TO SOMETHING, BUT AS FAR AS I CAN TELL HE'S JUST **FLAILING AWAY** IN A THOUSAND DIFFERENT DIRECTIONS. LIKE, ON ONE PAGE OF HIS NOTEBOOK YOU'LL FIND THREE DIFFERENT BITS OF BUSINESS, AND EACH ONE WILL HAVE **ABSOLUTELY NOTHING** TO DO WITH THE OTHER.



GEORGE IS YOUR TYPICAL SELF-STYLED "**SCHOLAR**", WITH LITTLE ACADEMIC TRAINING. INSTEAD OF STICKING WITH **TEXT BOOKS** OR OTHER MORE OBJECTIVE (IE: BORING) SOURCES, HE GETS MOST OF HIS INFORMATION FROM VARIOUS "**ALTERNATIVE**" **PUBLICATIONS** AND **BITTER "RANT TRACTS"** THAT HELP CONFIRM HIS BELIEFS IN JUST ABOUT ANY **CONSPIRACY THEORY** YOU CAN THINK OF.



WHAT WITH ALL THE **LIKE-MINDED NERDS** OUT THERE THAT GEORGE CORRESPONDS WITH YOU'D THINK THAT HE'D HAVE NO SHORTAGE OF FRIENDS, BUT GEORGE AVOIDS MEETING THESE PEOPLE FACE TO FACE **AT ALL COSTS**. WHENEVER I ASK HIM WHY HE'S TURNED DOWN **YET ANOTHER INVITATION** TO GET TOGETHER WITH **YET ANOTHER PEN-PAL** WHO'S PASSING THROUGH TOWN, HE'LL JUST WAVE HIS HAND AND SAY THAT THAT GUY'S "**ALL WET**."



IT ALSO GOES WITHOUT SAYING THAT HE'S NEVER HAD A <u>GURLFREN'</u> (SOB!), AT LEAST AS FAR AS I KNOW. WHENEVER A FEMALE IS PRESENT HE SEEMS TO **<u>FREEZE UP</u>**, LIKE HE'S AFRAID TO EVEN **MOVE**, AND HE'LL HAVE A LOOK ON HIS FACE THAT SUGGESTS THAT HE'S IN **<u>REAL PHYSICAL PAIN</u>**. WE'VE TRIED KIDDING HIM ABOUT THIS, BUT THIS IS **<u>ONE</u>** SUBJECT THAT HE REFUSES TO EVEN **DISCUSS**, LET ALONE **JOKE** ABOUT!

IF GEORGE DOES HAVE A "TYPE" THOUGH, IT'S GOTTA BE **ORIENTAL WOMEN**— PROBABLY BECAUSE THEY'RE **LESS THREATENING** TO HIM OR SOMETHING... YOU SHOULDA SEEN HIM THIS ONE TIME STINKY BROUGHT THIS ARTSY-FARTSY CHINESE GIRL HOME WITH HIM. GEORGE ACTUALLY **SAT NEXT TO HER**, AND EVEN SPOKE A FEW WORDS TO HER! NATURALLY SHE WAS **CREEPED OUT** BY HIM, BUT FOR ONCE HE DIDN'T SEEM TO CARE.

LATER THAT EVENING, STINKY SWEARS THAT HE COULD **"SENSE"** GEORGE SPYING ON HIM WHILE HE WAS FUCKING HER IN HIS "LOVE PANTRY." IF THIS IS TRUE, MAYBE IT WOULD EXPLAIN WHY GEORGE SEEMED SO **UPSET** WHEN STINKY TOLD HIM HE DOUBTED SHE'D BE AROUND AGAIN. IT WAS LIKE HE WAS **MAD** AT STINKY FOR NOT ALLOWING HIM TO RELIVE THAT **VICARIOUS THRILL**, OR SOMETHING LIKE THAT...

I GUESS I DON'T HAVE TO TELL YOU THAT GEORGE AND STINKY AREN'T EXACTLY **THE BEST OF PALS**. THE MAIN PROBLEM BETWEEN THE TWO OF THEM IS THAT STINKY KEEPS FORGETTING THAT GEORGE ISN'T A **"REGULAR GUY."** LIKE, ONCE HE WAS GIVING HIM A HARD TIME FOR NOT DIGGING **RAP MUSIC**, AND DOESN'T HE RELATE TO THE MUSIC OF HIS PEOPLE? TO WHICH GEORGE MUTTERED: **"FUCK MY PEOPLE"**. WE COULDN'T **BELIEVE** IT!

YET IN SPITE OF INCIDENTS LIKE THIS, GEORGE HAS BEEN KNOWN TO TAKE **STINKY'S SIDE** DURING SOME OF OUR FREQUENT DISAGREEMENTS. LIKE FOR EXAMPLE THE TIME THE STINKSTER WANTED TO PAINT THE KITCHEN **BLACK**, F'R CHRIST SAKES! BELIEVE YOU ME, I HAD TO DO SOME **HEAVY PERSUADING** BEFORE OL' GEORGIE BOY FINALLY SAW THE LIGHT!

BUT BASICALLY GEORGE IS AN OKAY ROOMMATE. I MEAN, HE NEVER COMPLAINS ABOUT MY MUSIC, OR ABOUT THE LOUD FIGHTS OR NOISY SEX-SESSIONS THAT ME AND MY GIRLFRIEND VALERIE HAVE BEEN HAVING ON A FAIRLY REGULAR BASIS LATELY.
...WHY YOU GODDAMNED CUNT! I OUGHTA KILL YOU!... YOU TOUCH ME AND I SWEAR I'LL... SMASH! CRASH! SHREEEK! BOOM!
...OOH YEAH, OH BABY... UGH, OH, PUT IT THERE... OOH, YEAH, OH YEAHEEYEAHEA... OH GOD! EEEOOH! OOH! OH! OH! OH! OH!
BUMP! BUMP! BUMP! BUMP!
...YOU SLIMEY DISGUSTING BASTARD! I DON'T KNOW WHY I EVEN GIVE YOU THE TIME OF DAY!... DON'T GIVE ME YOUR CRAP YOU NO-GOOD SELF-CENTERED STUCK-UP... POW! WHY YOU... SLAP! SMASH! BASH! BAM!
WHAT WAS THAT NOISE?!
ZZzzz...
VALERIE SEEMS PRETTY UNCOMFORTABLE AROUND HIM, THOUGH. I TELL HER THAT GEORGE IS PERFECTLY HARMLESS, JUST A BIT WITHDRAWN AND INTROSPECTIVE IS ALL, TO WHICH SHE SAYS THAT IT'S THOSE WITHDRAWN AND INTROSPECTIVE TYPES THAT WIND UP MURDERING PEOPLE IN THEIR SLEEP. I WISH SHE NEVER TOLD ME THAT.
SO LET'S SEE, WHAT ELSE CAN I TELL YOU ABOUT HIM...
I'VE TOLD YOU ABOUT HIS OLD MAN ALREADY, RIGHT? HOW HE HATES THE GUY, EVEN THOUGH HE SUPPORTS THE LITTLE INGRATE?
...LOOK, I CAN UNDERSTAND ANYBODY NOT LIKING THEIR DAD— THE THING IS, I'M STILL WAITING FOR HIM TO GIVE ME ONE GOOD REASON AS TO WHY HE DESPISES HIM SO MUCH!
...WELL, WHAT DOES HE DO FOR A LIVING?
AAH, HE WAS IN THE MILITARY... NOW HE'S A BODY GUARD OR A SECRET SERVICE AGENT OR SOMETHING EQUALLY REPREHENSIBLE...
SOUNDS KINDA INTERESTING TO ME...
BAH!
?
YOU SEEM LIKE A NICE BOY... YOU'LL LOOK AFTER MY LIL GEORGIE, WON'T YOU?
UH, YEAH, SURE...
LEGGO OF MY HAND, LADY!
GOES TO CHURCH 3 TIMES A WEEK
HIS MOM I ONLY MET ONCE, ON THE DAY HE MOVED IN. SHE SMELLED LIKE BOOZE, AND IT WAS REAL OBVIOUS THAT HE'S HER DARLING BABY BOY. WHENEVER THEY TALK ON THE PHONE HE SAYS: "I WUV YOU, TOO" A LOT.... DON'T TELL ANYONE I TOLD YOU THAT, THOUGH.

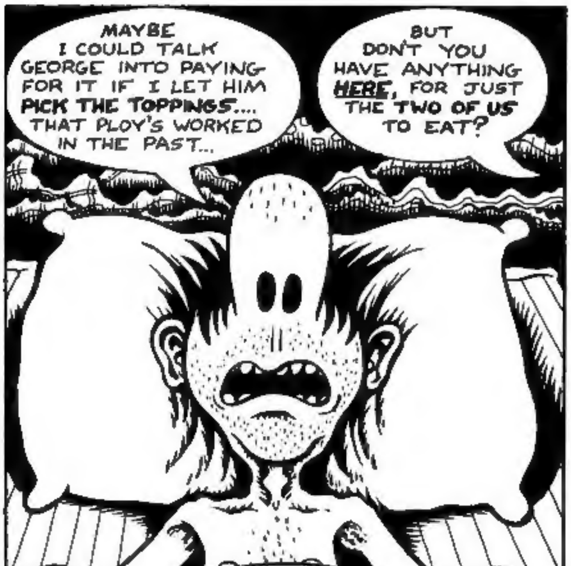
YO, IS MAH MAIN MAN GEORGE AT HOME?
THE ONLY OTHER FRIEND OR RELATIVE OF HIS I'VE EVER MET WAS THIS COUSIN OF HIS WHO USED TO STOP BY FAIRLY OFTEN AT FIRST. THIS GUY WAS YER TYPICAL "STREET-NIGGER" TYPE, WITH THE CHAINS AND THE JOGGING SUIT AND THOSE BIG PUFFY SNEAKERS THAT I HATE SO MUCH, SO THESE TWO MADE A PRETTY ODD PAIR, AS I'M SURE YOU COULD IMAGINE.
THEY'D NEVER STICK AROUND WHENEVER HE'D COME BY. INSTEAD GEORGE WOULD QUIETLY PUT ON HIS COAT AND OFF THEY'D GO TO WHO KNOWS WHERE. ONCE ME AND STINKY DECIDED TO FOLLOW THEM IN MY GIRLFRIEND'S CAR, WHICH SOUNDS PRETTY STUPID I KNOW, BUT OUR CURIOSITY GOT THE BEST OF US!
CHECK OUT THOSE WHEELS, MAN! HE'S GOTTA BE DEALIN' — HE'S JUST GOTTA BE!
AAH, YOU NEVER KNOW...
BUT IT'S A BRAND NEW JAG!!!
I WONDER IF SHE'S A HOOKER...
MAYBE...BUT IF HE CAN AFFORD A JAG YOU'D THINK HE COULD AFFORD A YOUNGER WHORE THAN HER!
THEY WOUND UP IN THIS HOUSE IN THE CENTRAL DISTRICT WITH ALUMINUM SIDING AND A CHAIN LINK FENCE AROUND IT. WE SAT AND WATCHED FOR HOURS, BUT ALL THAT HAPPENED WAS THIS OLDER WOMAN CAME AND LEFT 20 MINUTES LATER. THEN WE STARTED FEELING LIKE A COUPLE OF NARCS, SO WE LEFT.
THEN THE NEXT TIME WE FOLLOWED THEM (I KNOW, LIKE WE HAD NOTHING BETTER TO DO, RIGHT?) THEY WENT INTO THIS KARATE SCHOOL UP ON AURORA! THE IMAGE OF GEORGE CHOPPING CINDER BLOCKS IN HALF WAS TOO MUCH FOR US TO RESIST, SO WE RISKED A PEEK INTO THE WINDOW, BUT ALL WE SAW WAS EVERYONE SITTING IN A CIRCLE MEDITATING OR SOMETHING. I GUESS GEORGE WAS JUST INTO THE "SPIRITUAL" ASPECT OF IT, 'CUZ I NEVER SAW HIM PRACTICING ANY KUNG FU OR KARATE MOVES AT HOME.
DOJO
HOW LAME CAN YOU GET?

ANYHOW, THAT COUSIN OF HIS HASN'T BEEN AROUND FOR A WHILE. IN FACT, GEORGE HASN'T HUNG OUT WITH **ANYBODY** IN, LIKE, **MONTHS!** HIS BEST FRIEND IS THE **T.V.** THESE DAYS, SAD TO SAY. AND HIS **INTELLECTUAL RATIONALIZATIONS** FOR WATCHING SO MUCH OF IT ARE GETTING **WEAKER** ALL THE TIME.

IN FACT, IF YOU IGNORE ALL OF HIS **PSEUDO-SCIENTIFIC BABBLINGS** YOU'LL DISCOVER THAT HE'S JUST AS MUCH A **TASTELESS, BRAIN-WASHED CONSUMER** AS EVERYONE ELSE IS—MAYBE EVEN **MORE** SO!

AND OH YEAH, IF YOU EVER WANT TO PISS HIM OFF, ASK HIM IF HE'S RELATED TO THAT MOVIE STAR. HE'LL **REALLY HATE YOU** FOR IT.

IT'S THAT LATIN LOVER BUDDY BRADLEY IN
Dinner For Two
FLICKER! FLICKER!
CLINK!
..SO, WHAT DO YOU WANT TO DO FOR DINNER TONIGHT?
I DUNNO.. I'D ORDER A PIZZA 'CEPT I'M BROKE..
"SCUM CATCHER"
BUDDY'S CLOSET
©'90 P BAGGE


MAYBE I COULD TALK GEORGE INTO PAYING FOR IT IF I LET HIM PICK THE TOPPINGS.... THAT PLOY'S WORKED IN THE PAST...
BUT DON'T YOU HAVE ANYTHING HERE, FOR JUST THE TWO OF US TO EAT?

HMMM... WELL, THERE'S SOME TUNA FISH, BUT I DON'T KNOW IF IT'S "DOLPHIN FREE" SO YOU MAY NOT EAT IT...
I MEAN DON'T YOU HAVE ANY REAL DINNER FOOD — YOU KNOW, SOMETHING WE COULD COOK, LIKE SPAGHETTI?

OH, THAT KIND OF FOOD... HMMM... I DOUBT IT. BUT NEITHER OF US KNOW HOW TO COOK ANYWAY, SO...
WELL I CAN COOK SPAGHETTI!! ANY MORON KNOWS HOW TO COOK SPAGHETTI!!
I DON'T KNOW HOW TO COOK SPAGHETTI...
DON'T YOU THINK IT'D BE NICE FOR JUST THE TWO OF US TO HAVE A NICE, QUIET DINNER AT HOME FOR A CHANGE?
IT'D BE SO ROMANTIC!
ROMANTIC, EH? WELL, I DON'T SEE THE POINT OF THAT, SINCE WE FUCKED ALREADY TODAY...
SO WE'LL FUCK AGAIN! THINK YOU COULD HANDLE THAT, MR. STUDMUFFIN?
YEOW!
YANK!
YEAH, SURE, BUT YOU'VE GOTTA STOP THIS NASTY HABIT OF YANKING MY PENIS SO HARD!
THAT'S A SIGN OF NYMPHOMANIA, YOU KNOW...
SO I'M A NYMPHOMANIAC, SO WHAT?! I THOUGHT GUYS LIKED THAT IN A GIRL!
ARE YOU GETTING SICK OF ME ALREADY? IS THAT THE PROBLEM?
NO-I'M-NOT-SICK-OF-YOU! JEEZ LOUISE, I CAN'T WIN WITH YOU, CAN I?
NO, YOU CAN'T! SO IF YOU'RE SMART YOU'LL GIVE UP AND DO WHATEVER I SAY, OKAY?
YES, MA'AM...
IN FACT, IF I GO OUT AND BUY SOME SPAGHETTI RIGHT NOW, YOU KNOW WHAT I'D LIKE YOU TO DO FOR ME?
NO, WHAT?
(GET RID OF GEORGE FOR THE EVENING)...
WHAT?!

WHY, I CAN'T DO THAT! THIS IS HIS HOME TOO, YA KNOW!
SO? I'M SURE HE'LL UNDER-STAND—AND IT'S JUST THIS ONCE! WOULDN'T YOU DO THE SAME FOR HIM?
OH, I SUPPOSE, BUT WHEN WILL THAT EVER HAPPEN?
WELL, I DON'T KNOW! OFFER TO TREAT HIM TO A MOVIE OR SOMETHING
BUT TRY TO BE TACTFUL..
YEAH, RIGHT
AWW, HE DOES LOOK AWFULLY SAD AND VULNERABLE SITTING OUT THERE ALL BY HIMSELF. I HOPE HIS FEELINGS DON'T GET HURT.
DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT, OKAY? I'LL DEAL WITH HIM AS SOON AS I'M FINISHED GETTING DRESSED.
DO YOU HAVE A DRUG OR ALCOHOL PROBLEM?...
(BE NICE..)
(WILL YOU GO!?)
SLAM!
SAY, GEORGE, UH, ME 'N' VAL WOULD LIKE TO BE ALONE TONIGHT, SO, UH, WHY DON'T YOU MAKE YOURSELF SCARCE, OKAY?
WHAT?! ARE YOU KICKING ME OUT OF MY OWN HOME?! WHY, I'VE NEVER BEEN SO INSULTED IN MY WHOLE LIFE!
OH NOW DON'T GO MAKING A MOUNTAIN OUT OF A MOLE-HILL!!! HERE, HERE'S FIVE BUCKS— STAR TREK XIII MUST BE PLAYING SOMEWHERE. .
THIS WAS HER IDEA, WASN'T IT? I ALWAYS KNEW SHE DIDN'T LIKE ME
JESUS CHRIST, GEORGE, WILL YOU QUIT ACTING LIKE A BABY?! I'D DO THE SAME FOR YOU, WOULDN'T I?
OH, I SUPPOSE, BUT WHEN WILL THAT EVER HAPPEN?
(THOSE WERE MY WORDS EXACTLY.)
WHAT?
NOTHING, NOTHING PLEASE, GEORGE, TAKE THE MONEY.
MOVIES ARE $6.50 NOW, PLUS POPCORN IS $2.50, PLUS.
OKAY, HERE'S 10 BUCKS, THAT'S ALL I'VE GOT! NOW GET LOST!
SHEESH, THE POWER OF THE PUSSY STRIKES AGAIN!

LATER
BUDDY, DO YOU THINK YOU COULD STOP SCRATCHING YOUR BE-HIND LONG ENOUGH TO SET THE TABLE FOR ME?
HUH? OH, SURE.
..GREAT, THAT LOOKS FINE.
.AND NOW TO TOP IT OFF.
A CHIANTI BOTTLE WITH A CANDLE IN IT!
EW, HOW CORNY!
OKAY, DINNER'S ALL SET! I'LL LIGHT THE CANDLE AND YOU HIT THE LIGHTS!
OKEY-DOKE.
CLICK!
THERE, NOW ISN'T THIS NICE?
YEAH, IT IS I GOTTA ADMIT THIS WAS A PRETTY GOOD IDEA, VAL.
OF COURSE IT IS! YOU KNOW, WE SHOULD DO THIS MORE OFTEN.
EWWW, WHAT'S THAT ON THE SIDE OF YOUR PLATE?!
WHAT, THIS? OH, JUST SOME GUNK. I GUESS I DIDN'T CLEAN THIS PLATE TOO GOOD
OH WELL, WHO CARES? PLOP ON THE CHOW!
I CARE! I WANT THIS DINNER TO BE JUST RIGHT! HOLD ON AND I'LL GET YOU A CLEAN ONE..
OH, F'R CRYIN' OUT LOUD..
I SWEAR, YOU BOYS ARE SUCH PIGS! I DON'T SEE HOW YOU CAN STAND..
..OH MY GOD..
WHAT'S THE MATTER NOW?

OH NO!
WELL, WELL, WELL. WHAT HAVE WE HERE?
WHY WASN'T I INVITED TO THIS LITTLE FEAST?
THIS WAS INTENDED TO BE A DINNER FOR TWO, LEONARD.
YEAH, ESPECIALLY WHEN THE THIRD WHEEL IS SOME SNEAKY, SLIMEY NUDIST CAMPER!
WELL EXCUSE ME, BUT I THOUGHT I LIVED HERE! AND HOW ELSE AM I SUPPOSED TO GET TO THE BATHTUB?!
MMMM. THIS SAUCE SMELLS DE-LICIOUS! CAN I HAVE SOME?
NO YOU MAY NOT! AND GET YOUR GENITALS AWAY FROM MY PLATE!
LOOK AT YOU! YOU'VE GOT VENEREAL WARTS ALL OVER YOUR PRIVATE PARTS! YOU'RE DIS-GUSTING!
B-BUT THE DOCTOR SAYS THEY'RE NOT CONTAGIOUS.
YUCK!
THEN GO RUB IT ON YOUR DOCTOR'S PLATE AND KEEP IT AWAY FROM MINE!
MAN, WHAT A PRUDE! I HAD NO IDEA YOU WERE SO UPTIGHT! LIKE, THIS IS THE '90s, MAN! GET WITH THE PROGRAM!
I'LL PROGRAM YOU RIGHT OUT OF EXISTENCE!
HEY! DON'T WASTE FOOD!
BUDDY, PLEASE! TRY TO BE REASONABLE!
ALRIGHT, (HUFF! PUFF!) LOOK, STINKY, (GASP!) WHY DON'T YOU GO OUT TO A MOVIE OR SOMETHING
MOVIES COST $6.50 NOW, PLUS POPCORN COSTS $2.50, PLUS.
URRGHH... LOOK, I DON'T HAVE ANY MONEY RIGHT NOW, BUT
OH, GREAT! I GET THE BUM'S RUSH AND I DON'T EVEN GET COMPEN-SATED FOR IT!
WHY I OUGHTA.
NEVER MIND BUDDY, I'VE GOT A BETTER IDEA

.HOW ABOUT IF YOU AND I GO OUT SOMEWHERE INSTEAD? WE CAN'T KEEP KICKING YOUR ROOMMATES OUT OUT OF THEIR OWN APARTMENT!
BUT WHAT ABOUT THE DINNER YOU MADE? IT'LL BE WASTED!
I DON'T CARE ANYMORE I LOST MY APPETITE ANYWAY LET LEONARD EAT IT
SAY, NOW THERE'S AN IDEA!
OH NO! THERE'S NO WAY I'M GONNA LET HIM EAT IT, AFTER HE'S RUINED WHAT COULD'VE BEEN A PERFECT EVENING!
HEY!
SNATCH!
I SAY WE STAY RIGHT HERE AND FINISH THIS DINNER AS A MATTER OF PRINCIPLE!
AND LEONARD CAN DO WHAT HE WANTS, BUT HE AIN'T GETTING ONE BITE OF THIS FOOD!
BLECH! THIS WINE IS WARM!
WAIT A MINUTE, BUDDY, I JUST HAD ANOTHER IDEA.
WHY DON'T WE TAKE OUR DINNER OVER TO MY PLACE? I JUST RE-MEMBERED THAT MY ROOMMATE WAS GOING OUT TONIGHT, SO WE'LL HAVE THE PLACE ALL TO OURSELVES!
YOU MEAN WE'VE GOTTA CARRY THIS STUFF ALL THE WAY TO YOUR HOUSE? WON'T IT GET COLD?
OH, IT'S NOT THAT LONG A WALK! AND WE CAN HEAT IT UP WHEN WE GET THERE!
WELL, OKAY...
LEGGO OF THAT BREAD, PAL! WE'RE TAKIN' IT WITH US!
FINE! TAKE YOUR LOUSY FOOD! SEE IF I CARE!
SNATCH!
OH, AND BY THE WAY, STINKY, I WANT YOU TO KNOW THAT I REALLY HATE YOU TODAY, AND I MEAN MUCH MORE THAN THE USUAL AMOUNT.
IZZAT SO? WELL THE FEELING'S MUTUAL, PAL! AND YOU CAN TAKE THAT TO THE BANK!

LATER
ARE YOU SURE LISA WON'T BE AROUND TONIGHT?
YES, I'M SURE SHE WAS INVITED TO A COSTUME PARTY, AND SHE LIVES FOR THAT SORT OF THING.
I COULDN'T RESIST--PB
HMM.. THE STINKSTER REALLY PUT A DENT IN THIS VINO...
WE'VE GOT MORE IN THE CABINET... HAVE A SEAT, THE FOOD WILL BE READY IN A SEC...
AND SO.
AHHH.. THAT WAS GOOD! I'M STUFFED!
THEN I SUPPOSE YOU WON'T BE HAVING SECONDS?
ARE YOU KIDDING? LOAD 'ER UP!
THIS SURE IS GREAT, NOT HAVING ANY PESKY ROOMMATES AROUND!
IT SURE IS! AND OH, THAT REMINDS ME.
BUDDY, THERE'S SOMETHING I WANT TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT..
OH? WHAT'S THAT?
WELL, IF I GET THIS BETTER PAYING JOB I APPLIED FOR, I WAS THINKING OF MOVING OUT OF THIS APARTMENT...
OH YEAH?
SLOBBER! SLURP!
YES AND, WELL, I WAS WONDERING
OH NO..
OH SHIT, NOW WHAT? I'M AFRAID TO LOOK.

..IT'S, SNOOPY
WHAT THE HELL?!
HI, YOU GUYS.
LISA, WHY AREN'T YOU AT THE PARTY?
AND WHERE'D YOU GET THAT OUTFIT?
A FRIEND LENT IT TO ME...I THOUGHT I'D GET A BIG LAUGH OUT OF IT, BUT JUST AS I WAS WALKING UP TO THE DOOR OF THE PARTY I REALIZED THAT I PROBABLY WOULDN'T MEET ANY CUTE BOYS DRESSED LIKE THIS, SO I GOT DEPRESSED AND CAME HOME ..
GEE, THAT'S TOO BAD..
I'LL SAY..
HEY VAL, DID YOU COOK ALL THIS FOOD YOURSELF? IT LOOKS TASTY!
YES, IT'S A PRIVATE DINNER FOR TWO, AND I'D LIKE TO KEEP IT THAT WAY!
HINT! HINT!
OKAY, OKAY, I GET THE PICTURE! I'LL JUST WADDLE OFF TO MY ROOM AND I WON'T MAKE A PEEP!
OKAY! OKAY!
FINE, JUST MAKE SURE THAT YOU STAY THERE!
SLAM!
JESUS, I CAN NOT BELIEVE HER SOMETIMES.
SO, WHAT WERE YOU SAYING BEFORE WE WERE SO RUDELY INTERUPTED?
OH, YES, WELL, I WAS THINKING THAT
UH-OH, LOOK WHO'S BACK.

WHAT NOW?!
THE SMELL OF THE FOOD IS MAKING ME HUNGRY.
SIGH OKAY. IF I GIVE YOU A PLATE OF SPAGHETTI WILL YOU PROMISE TO TAKE IT BACK TO YOUR ROOM AND STAY THERE FOR THE REST OF THE EVENING?
YES, I PROMISE.. MA'AM...
YUM, SPAGHETTI. I LOVES TO PLAY WITH SPAGHETTI
OH FOR GOD'S SAKES! DO YOU HAVE TO EAT WITH YOUR HANDS?
?
?
♫ ..NOBODY LIKES ME, EVERYBODY HATES ME, I'M GONNA EAT SOME WORMS ♫
GOOD GRIEF.
..HEH, HEH, HEH...
C'MERE, I WANNA TALK TO YOU!
♫ ... WORMS ARE GOOEY, NICE 'N' CHEWY..
ZOOM!
UH-OH..
5 MINUTES LATER.
HMM.. IT'S AWFULLY QUIET OUT THERE..
I WONDER WHAT'S GOING ON..
I WAS EXPECTING A WHOLE LOT OF YELLING AND
..VAL IS USUALLY A VERY EFFICIENT "NEGOTIATOR", THOUGH LISA CAN BE PRETTY IMPOSSIBLE TO REASON WITH. I DON'T SEE HOW THE TWO OF THEM MANAGE TO LIVE TOGETHER
SLAM!!
OOP, HERE COMES VALERIE NOW..
SO, WHAT'S THE STORY? DID SHE AGREE TO TAKE A POWDER, OR DID YOU HAVE TO USE FORCE?

SHE'S STILL OUT THERE. SHE WANTS TO TALK TO YOU.
ME?! WHAT FOR? I'VE GOT NOTHING TO SAY TO HER...
HOW SHOULD I KNOW WHAT SHE WANTS? I DOUBT THAT EVEN SHE KNOWS! ALL I KNOW IS THAT SHE REFUSES TO LEAVE UNLESS SHE GETS TO TALK TO YOU ALONE, SO GO AND AND MAKE IT QUICK!
SHEESH, NOW I KNOW WHAT IT MUST BE LIKE TO HAVE A PROBLEM CHILD...
ALL RIGHT, WHADAYA WANT?
WHY, HIYA, BUDDY! HOW'S IT GOING, PAL!
HEY, DON'T JERK ME AROUND, OKAY? JUST TELL ME WHAT YOU WANT OR I'M GOING BACK INSIDE...
WELL, GEE WHIZ, I ONLY WANTED TO SAY HELLO..
OKAY. HELLO. NOW GOODBYE.
NO, WAIT, BUDDY! DON'T GO YET! I NEVER GET TO SEE YOU ANYMORE...
HEY, I KNOW! LET'S GO OUT TO A BAR! RIGHT NOW, JUST YOU 'N' ME, OKAY?
A BAR?!
I DON'T GET IT, LISA. WHY ARE YOU TRYING TO SPOIL THINGS BETWEEN ME AND VALERIE? I MEAN, I ALWAYS KNEW YOU WERE NUTS, BUT I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE EVIL!!
I'M NOT THE ONE WHO SPOILED THINGS! I KNEW YOU FIRST, REMEMBER? NOW SHE ACTS LIKE SHE OWNS YOU!
WELL, SHE DOES OWN ME, IN A WAY... I THINK..
GOOD LORD, WHAT AM I SAYING?!
WELL, ALL RIGHT THEN, LET'S JUST SAY THAT I'M BORROWING YOU!
SHE'S ALWAYS BORROWING MY SHOES, SO NOW WE'RE EVEN!
FAIR'S FAIR, RIGHT?
OKAY, SO WHAT EXACTLY IS IT THAT YOU'RE PROPOSING HERE, THAT I SNEAK OUT ON VALERIE WHILE SHE ISN'T LOOKING?
IS THAT THE IDEA?
WELL, I WOULDN'T PUT IT IN THOSE WORDS, BUT, WELL, WHADAYA THINK? DO YA WANNA?

OKAY, SURE! WHAT THE HECK! I WAS STARTING TO GET BORED ANYWAY. I SAY LET'S GET GOING WHILE THE GET-TIN'S GOOD!
R-R-REALLY? YOU MEAN NOW? W-WHERE SHALL WE GO?
OH, I DON'T CARE! WHEREVER YOU WANT TO GO, MY LITTLE WENCH!
OH BOY! HEY, LET'S GO TO THAT BAR DOWNTOWN THAT WE WENT TO LAST YEAR—YOU KNOW, WHERE ALL THE BUMS HANG OUT?
PAT PAT!
FINE, FINE, BUT LISTEN, ONCE WE GET OUTSIDE, LET'S SNEAK DOWN THE ALLEY, OKAY?
WHY? SO NO ONE WILL SEE US? OR ARE YOU PLANNING TO DO SOMETHING NASTY TO ME?
MAYBE I WILL AND MAYBE I WON'T. YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO FOLLOW ME IF YOU WANT TO FIND OUT!
OH-KAY! (TEE-HEE!)
HEY BUDDY, WHY ARE WE STOPPING?
BUMP!
BUD-DEE! CUT IT OUT! PUT ME DOWN! TEE-HEE!
BASH! SMASH!
NO! BUDDY! DON'T!
KE-RASH!
EEEK!
WELP, THAT'S THAT. NOW ALL WE GOTTA DO IS WAIT FOR THE GARBAGEMEN TO COME AND WHISK YOU AWAY!
VERY FUNNY, BUDDY! NOW LET ME OUT—IT STINKS IN HERE!
Y'KNOW, I WISH I HAD A CAMERA RIGHT NOW THERE'S SOMETHING SO JUST—SO TRUE!—ABOUT THIS PICTURE!
I THINK I'D CALL IT "THE NEIGHBORHOOD TRASH" KEEP IT NICE 'N' SIMPLE, IF YOU GET MY MEANING.
DON'T YOU ACT ALL HIGH AND MIGHTY WITH ME, MR. BRADLEY! YOU'RE AN EVEN BIGGER SLUT THAN I AM, ONLY NO ONE WANTS TO FUCK YOU 'CUZ YOU'RE TOO UGLY!
EXORCIST FACE

OH, I SEE! AND YOU WERE JUST LEADING ME ON, IS THAT IT? JUST TOYING WITH MY EMOTIONS FOR YOUR OWN AMUSEMENT, I SUPPOSE?
THAT'S RIGHT! NOW LET ME OUT!!!
BASH! BASH! BASH!
KICK! KICK! KICK!
BUT I CAN'T LET YOU OUT, DON'T YOU SEE? YOU HAVE TO BE PUNISHED FOR BEING A VERY NAUGHTY LITTLE GIRL!
YOUR ONLY HOPE IS IF THE SANITATION WORKERS TAKE PITY ON YOU— OR IF YOU OFFER TO GIVE THEM A BLOW JOB. I'D SAY THE LATTER IS YOUR BEST BET
AW GEE, BUDDY! IF YOU LET ME OUT I PROMISE I'LL NEVER PESKER YOU AGAIN, OKAY?
AND I'LL EVEN GIVE YOU THAT ASSOCIATION RECORD YOU ALWAYS WANTED! HOW DOES THAT SOUND?
NUH-UH AS MUCH AS I'D LIKE TO I'M AFRAID YOU'RE JUST GOING TO HAVE TO STAY PUT...
I'D SUGGEST YOU'D BEST SPEND YOUR TIME THINKING ABOUT ALL THE TROUBLE YOU'VE CAUSED, LEST YOU SHOULD EVER CONSIDER BEHAVING THAT WAY AGAIN..
ALL RIGHT BUDDY, YOU'VE HAD YOUR JOKE, NOW LET ME OUT!!! THIS ISN'T FUNNY ANYMORE
BUDDEEEE!!!
JEEZ, WHAT'S SHE SCREAMING ABOUT? SHE COULD EASILY GET OUT OF THERE BY HERSELF IF SHE WANTED TO!
I GET THE FEELING SHE'S ENJOYING THIS SITUATION, AND IS GONNA MILK IT FOR ALL THE DRAMA IT'S WORTH!
I WOULDN'T BE SURPRISED IF SHE DID STAY IN THERE ALL NIGHT!
GOD, SHE'S SO PERVERSE!
I WONDER WHAT IT IS ABOUT ME THAT ATTRACTS SUCH CRAZY FEMALES LIKE LISA AND VALERIE TO BEGIN WITH
..AND MORE TO THE POINT, IS IT A BLESSING OR A CURSE?
BONK!
OW!!!
WHAT THE HECK TOOK YOU SO LONG? I TOLD YOU TO KEEP IT SHORT!!! AND WHAT WAS ALL THAT SCREAMING ABOUT? I COULDA SWORE I HEARD SCREAMING...
HEY! WHOA! CALM DOWN! RELAX! HOLD YOUR HORSES, WILL YA?

LOOK, YOU WANTED ME TO GET RID OF HER SO I GOT RID OF HER, ALL RIGHT?
NOW DO YOU WANT A DETAILED ACCOUNT OF HOW I GOT RID OF HER, OR SHALL WE TRY TO RE-SUME THIS WONDERFUL EVENING WE WERE HAVING?
TAP! TAP! TAP!
I DON'T KNOW. I REALLY DON'T
AWW, DON'T BE SO CRANKY HERE, HAVE A SEAT AND TELL ME WHAT IT WAS YOU WERE TRYING TO TELL ME BEFORE
NO, FORGET IT I DON'T WANT TO NOW.
AWWW, DON'T BE THAT WAY! C'MON, SIT ON MY LAP AND TELL BIG DADDY ALL ABOUT IT!
PAT PAT PAT
WELL, AS YOU CAN PLAINLY SEE LIVING WITH LISA IS NO PICNIC.
YOU AIN'T KIDDIN'..
..AND IT'S PRETTY OBVIOUS THAT THERE'S NO LOVE LOST BETWEEN YOU AND YOUR ROOM-MATES
I'LL DRINK TO THAT!
GLUG! GLUG!
SO, SINCE I PLAN TO MOVE OUT OF HERE ANYWAY, I THOUGHT IT MIGHT BE A GOOD IDEA IF YOU AND I GOT A PLACE TOGETHER
SPLUT!
WHOA, LOOK AT THE TIME! I'VE GOTTA HIT THE ROAD! BIG DAY TOMORROW! NO TIME TO FOOL AROUND..
?
BUT, TOMORROW'S YOUR DAY OFF..
...ER, YES, I KNOW, BUT I'VE GOT ERRANDS TO RUN, BILLS TO PAY, PLANES TO CATCH.. I HATE TO EAT AND RUN, BUT I MUST BE ON MY WAY
HOLD IT RIGHT THERE, BUSTER!
EXIT
I ASKED YOU A SIMPLE QUESTION AND I EXPECT AN ANSWER!
I'LL GIVE YOU AN ANSWER, I JUST NEED TIME TO THINK. I NEED I NEED AIR, IS WHAT I NEED.
RATTLE! SHAKE!

..I MEAN, IS IT HOT IN HERE OR IS IT JUST ME? I CAN BARELY BREATHE..
OH, FORGET I SAID ANYTHING! YOUR GREEN COMPLEXION TELLS ME ALL I NEED TO KNOW!
JEEZUS CHRIST, VAL, WHY DO YOU KEEP PUTTING ME IN THESE NO-WIN SITUATIONS?! IF I SAY NO YOU'LL BE INSULTED.
THEN WHY DON'T YOU SAY YES?
WHY?
ER. BECAUSE, I UH..
TAP! TAP! TAP!
..BECAUSE I DON'T WANT TO, THAT'S WHY! AND DON'T ASK ME WHY BECAUSE I DON'T KNOW WHY!
MAYBE SOMEDAY I'LL CHANGE MY MIND, BUT FOR NOW I DON'T WANT TO AND THAT'S THAT!
YES. AND YOU DON'T HAVE TO SHOUT.
WHAT A CAVEMAN! GROWLLL!
AM I MAKING MYSELF CLEAR?!
CHALK ONE UP FOR MEN'S LIB!!!
..SO, I SUPPOSE YOU WANT ME TO GO HOME NOW?
ON THE CONTRARY.
LEAP!
I LIKE IT WHEN YOU'RE STUBBORN AND DECISIVE! IT GETS ME ALL HOT AND BOTHERED!
AND SO
..NOBODY LIKES ME, EVERYBODY HATES ME, I'M GONNA EAT SOME WORMS...
LISTEN! WE'RE BEING SERENADED!
MPFLXK GLMRFLMB GRBMPHXM.*
*"I WONDER IF SHE TAKES REQUESTS!"
THE END!

~~HATE MAIL~~ ~~PETE'S MAIL BAGGE!~~ LETTERS PAGES

Mr. P-Bagge,

Stop with the scarily accurate comics! I just finished *Hate #2* and again you boggle my mind. . The back cover alone typifies the new breed of "lowlife scum" (does anyone remember that cartoon?) (where has it been reprinted so I can Xerox it and give it out to the million people who need to read it?) that I encounter everywhere now. I share many of the same interests and habits as these . . . youngsters, but too many of 'em seem to believe that they're being non-conformist and/or that they're starting these trends. IF YER THA FIRST ONE WITH THESE SICKO INTERESTS THEN WHERE DID ALL THE Manson, Speck, Ilsa, Burroughs, L.Lunch, PTV, C.Orange, B+D, G.G.Allin, Bukowski, ETC. T-SHIRTS COME FROM?!?! Hah? Fuckin' kids . . .

Anyway, it's really hello again—I wrote to you a year ago from NCY and you sent back a p. card—I still wanna give you an Iggy Pop tape or two, I haven't forgotten (I need a job so I can buy cassettes . . .) but now I'm living' in Las Vegas, daddy entertainment capital of the ever-lovin' *globe*, pal. Check it out: I wuz gonna move to San Francisco, but what annoyed me about it (aside from the $ it takes to live there) wuz all these "neo-tribal" "lowlife scum" I was ranting about just last page. If I meet another girl who has a pierced tongue and who, and this is the worst part, HAS TO TELL ME ALL ABOUT IT—well, you see how it sets me off. Honestly, tho', what I don't "get" with a lot of the people (and the majority of casual people would lump me in with them, and I couldn't disagree) is their total lack of any sense of humor about themselves. Oh well, people are always people, and that means most are jerks, even if they got more metal and black ink in 'em than a goddamn pen factory.

Thinkin' over what I've written so far, tho', it strikes me how that what's cool about your comics is (I believe) that you don't pass judgment on your subjects—you could very easily; the "broadness" of your style (sic) hides the subtleties yer layin' down (consciously? unconsciously?) . Anyway, I was reading *my* prejudices into your characters. Your situations are very specific—the feelings they invoke (in me at least) are universal and very applicable. Enuff *Comics Journal* type stuff. Right after I bought *Hate #1*, I contacted my old pal from college (yes, I am a dropout) who is the SPITTING GODDAMN INSPIRATION FOR BUDDY (how many times have you heard that? See what I mean about being specific but applicable to all?) no, really, he is and he is livin' (still) the early Buddy years lifestyle and may be visiting me here in LV—strange but true, might be scary because of his vicious drunks.

Anyway—thanks for makin' them comics—I dig them the most. Swear I'll get that tape to ya—drop me a line if you get a chance.

Plant you now, dig you later,
(very Vegas)
—**Rocco Maice**
Las Vegas, NV

The "Low Life Scum" strip you refer to must be the one Jim Ryan did for the *L.A. Weekly* years ago. I'd reprint it in *Hate* but I think it's too much of a reduction—hopefully someone else will. (*Buzzard*? *Buzz*? *D + Q*? *G.S.M.*?)

Small World Dept.: This same Jim Ryan lived in the basement apt. next to ours in Hoboken, N.J., and both his pad and our pad are the main inspirations for Buddy's digs. In fact, you can see the super-tall Ryan chuggin' a beer at the top of page 17 in *Hate #2*.

Dear Peter,

Just a note to let you know that I loved *Hate #2*. Not only for the creepy humor of the story and your usual well-observed and perfectly-exaggerated portraits of humanity (or what passes for it in Buddy's world) but for the memories it evoked of my days of working in a used book-and-record-store, in the shabby heart of San Jose way back in '78 and '79. The marginally sane people, the huge but vague dreams of stupid youth, the mangled ideologies and warped sexual ties . . . it's all part of my half-fond, half-queasy bookstore memories. I'll be looking forward to more Buddy adventures (although I do miss Babs and the parents—any chance of a return)?.

—**Gerard Jones**
San Francisco, CA

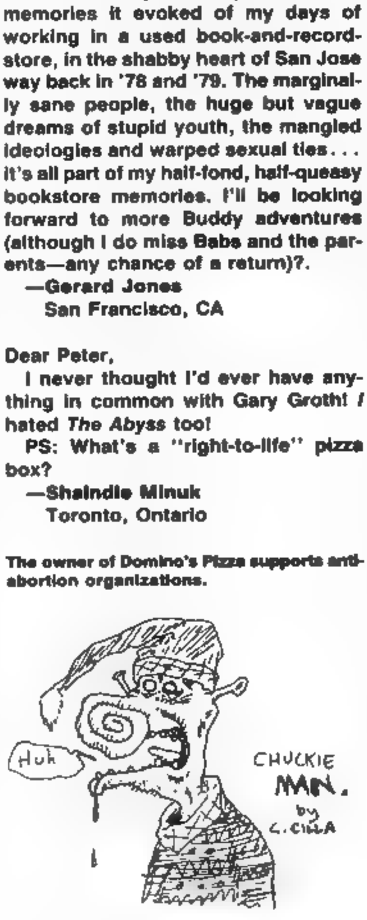
Dear Peter,

I never thought I'd ever have anything in common with Gary Groth! *I* hated *The Abyss* too!

PS: What's a "right-to-life" pizza box?

—**Shaindle Minuk**
Toronto, Ontario

The owner of Domino's Pizza supports anti-abortion organizations.



Dear Peter Bagge, you fuck,

I bought *Best of Neat Stuff*! I bought fuck'n back issues! I bought the fuckin' Bradley book! I subscribed to *Neat Stuff* (and *Love and Rockets*) [? —P.B.] And before I get anything in the mail, you fuckin' quit! Then I found out that you were starting a new comic and I thought "fuck!" So I fuckin' waited and waited for your new comic to come in the mail. No fuckin' such luck!

Finally I see *Hate* advertised in a magazine and I think, "Fuck! They must've fucked up and not fuckin' sent it to me!"

And I was right fuckin' pissed! But the next fuckin' week later I got this big fuckin' envelope with Fritz the fuckin' Cat on it! So I fuckin' open it and inside is fuckin' *Hate*! Yay! But it's fuckin' small like the pussy *Spider-Man* comics I used to buy. But then again Buddy Bradley (my hero) is in it, so I'm fuckin' happy.

Good cover. I still wish the size was big. Did you really shrink it to get more readers? Is that really a problem? Are the people at Fantagraphics really that bitter? [Yes. —P.B.] I would think it'd be cool to be able to hang out with other cool, creative comic artists like R. Crumb and the Hernandezes. [Think again. —P.B.] Too bad comic artists don't tour like bands. But there are conventions, right? I live in Maine. Where could I go to meet you? [Try Seattle. —P.B.] Hey, what bands do you like? [The Kirby Stone Four. —P.B.] I bought a *Weirdo* comic with you in it. (Martini Baton/Jesus' Critters.)

Well, I kind of have to go, but I just wanna say I loved *Neat Stuff* and *Hate* looks just as cool; you just need a couple new characters. Or is it just going to be Buddy? Well, hey, your comic, your decision.

Here's an idea: Print in big letters "Hate Mail" on the subscription envelopes. Just a thought.

A fan,
—**Adam Fuckin' Bouchard**
Belfast, ME

I just want to say that I love so much your work! And your color covers are driving me crazy! They are tellement beaux! The back cover of *Hate #1*, "I Wanna Be Bad," it reminds me of a girl I know very well . . . you know . . . uhm . . . it's me!!! I just finished my own solo comic book, yeah! I'll send it to you when it's ready. So, bye bye!

—**JULIE DOUCET**
Montreal, Quebec

Julie's first "real" solo comic—*Dirty Plotte*—ought to be in the stores by now, and I strongly suggest you look for it, 'cause her work is the "tellement beauxiest"!

Randy Costanza of Pitt., PA, felt such an affinity with the Lisa character that she did her own semi-autobiographical "Lisa" story in which she coincidentally winds up dumped in a trash can. I swear I [redacted]

Hi, Peter,

Personally, I think you could well "make a million" off your comics. I'm sure you're gonna be hearing a lot of comparisons between the Bradleys and the Simpsons (who are in fact raking in millions). And you're certainly on a par with that cartoon on the level of artwork, character, humor, satire, etc. The only thing missing from your work, in my humble opinion, that separates it from beloved Simpsons status is what a reviewer in *Stop* once referred to in a review of *The Honeymooners*, "that moment of truth." Ralph and Alice would bitch and scream at each other for 24 minutes like the Bradleys do . . . but there'd always be that minute at the end where it was shown that they really did love and care about each other. And Groening does that very well with The Simpsons, too. It's probably one of the hardest things to pull off, 'specially in a comic which tends to lend itself more readily to burlesque and slapstick. I know I can't pull it off, and that's one of the things that holds me back.

It's obvious with a title like *Hate* that you're comfortable showing the harsher side of life: bitterness, rage, depression, etc. But if you could occasionally soften it without getting mushy you'll soon be on your way to millions, my man. And I offer you those insights free of charge.

Raking in thousands, literally,
the critically acclaimed
—**Ace Backwords**
Berkeley, CA

Thanks for the sound advice, Ace. And maybe I should invest in plastics while I'm at it.

Dear Pete the Beaten Cretin,

You whipped and whining dog! You blubbering bagge of blithering boohoo! When will you see you're the destiny in the "Social Insight Hall o' Fame"™ I refer to the "Prisoners of Hate Island" story, in *Hate* #1. You rule in my book, of late. *Pete's Muff* (yeah, yeah, *Neat Stuff*) and D. Clowes's "I Hate You Deeply" from *Eightball* are slices from my grouchy pie. We all suck, ain't it grand?

Anyways, man, us here have Sunday evening Bagge readings by gaslight, our upturned faces glowing with inspiration.

Sincerely yerz,
Fan 2 death,
—**Jessica Jan Frye**
Santa Cruz, CA

By the way, Chevys are #1. The conqueror mobiles shall reign.

Dear Peter,

The last *Neat Stuff* was wonderful and scary and really pissed me off. It was boss. The Buddy Bradley episode in *Hate* #1 was tops too, but that story about the island was nothing but self-indulgent shit. The San Francisco comix scene is degenerating that way —too much self-absorbed, self-referential in-jokes that it's no wonder so few books are selling. You recovered well with *Hate* #2, though. "Hate at First Sight" was good solid storytelling and the artwork, as ever, was tops. (Buddy gets *laid*?!? *Him*?!? Wow!)

So what gives me the right to criticize your work) Becuase I've been buying everything of yours I could get my mitts on for years now, that's what. Keep 'em comin', dude; you're doing fine.

Your fan,
—**Broos Campbell**
San Jose, CA

Dear Pete,

Hate #2: The first thing that impressed me was the cover! When I opened the envelope and saw the cover I knew it would be good! And my assumptions were indeed correct.

As for Stinky and myself, I'm glad we aren't going out any more; he wasn't my type. He never changed his underwear. He should have borrowed some of Buddy's!

Anyway, my book came back from the printers and so far so good. I was able to thumbprint 150+ in mense blood but will have to wait till my next period to finish up the rest. The deadline for all 500 is Oct. 28th, let's hope it works out well. I think it will.

I got a new tattoo, I'm starting on my legs and I'm real happy with how it looks. I just got the outline done last week, so this Saturday I get it filled in.

Your friend and biggest fan,
("Ashleigh")
Seattle, WA

Dear Mr. P. Bagge,

I seem to bear some resemblance to your Karen Yastremski character. My name (no longer) was Samantha Kominsky (actually only very few people know that). I was born in Bangkok and my father is 1/2 Polish. I am assuming Gary Groth might have put you up to it since I never got on that plane with him to Mexico. Well, I am crazy and proud of it!

Thanks! Cheers!
—**Sam**
London, U.K.

Actually, she was based on *another* half-Polish woman from Thailand! Only Gary never offered to take *her* anywhere!

Dear Peter Bagge,

Just read your latest comix *Hate*! It's everything I wanted. Buddy has always been my favorite character from *Neat Stuff* and now, a solo book. It's too much!

The way I see it, the concept for *Hate* actually started out as an attempt for Peter Bagge to sell out and make millions. But even at that you failed miserably. Gee, what a title, *Hate*!

I've read your interview with *Amazing Heroes* and have checked out some of the underground artists you mentioned. But the problem is, it's hard to get some of the stuff when you're living in a Third World Country. The comix shops do bring in some of the weird stuff but it's always behind the counter action. Therefore underground comix fans are only a few. I'm probably the only one in Singapore who has an almost complete collection of *Weirdo*.

You know, if you really want a seller in your hands, do a team-up of Buddy and Girly-Girl. I wonder who would kill whom first.

Bring back the Bradleys. Thanks!
—**Lim Cheng Tiu**
Singapore

My oh my, Singapore sounds so primitive and repressive! I sure am glad I live in this sweet land o' liberty!

Dear Peter,

A friend of mine was exploring the abandoned underground railroad tunnels on the upper West Side recently. Street people live there in the pitch dark during the winter and only come out at night. I believe the bums call these people "worms" because they are supposedly devoid of skin tone and do not talk. Apparently, the only light comes in from randomly placed street grates. In these pools of light people sometimes paint elaborate murals that [redacted]

The point of all this is that my friend noticed a ladder in one of these pools. She followed it to the top where she found a mattress tucked into an alcove facing an elaborate altar. The altar was dominated by a prominently placed poster of Chuckie-Boy wielding a knife.

Does that make your day?
—**R. Kern**
New York, NY

Looks like I'll have to make a "pilgrimage."

Dear Peter,

Another winner! I was really surprised to find out that Buddy and I had gone out with the same girl; the difference being chiefly that her name was Roberta and Buddy's ex is named Lisa. Otherwise, they could be twins. Never toilet-fucked her, though.

Actually, it's pretty funny that you called the book *Hate* and it turns out to be all about love. It was even romantic. You're really stretching yourself, but it all looks great and it was funny as hell and touching. Funny to be put in the position of envying Buddy Bradley . . . my friend Cheryl says she wants to blow up the panel of the Budster having sex and thinking "Hey, this is easy and fun!" and put it on buses and in public places as pro-sex public service advertising. Really good work.

I loved the confrontation between Buddy and the 'Nam vet. Where I work in San Jose, which is chock full of Vietnamese and since I don't drive I often have to share the bus with unfortunate survivors of our military expedition over there, flipping out because there are "slopes" everywhere. I wish I had a quarter for everyone that starts raving about how they left good buddies back there and now they have to share a city with these gooks and this and that and the other thing. Jeez, if I had any guts I'd say what always comes to mind, which is something comforting like, "Well, maybe if you guys had fought harder over there, they wouldn't be here now." Probably be my last laugh, but it'd be a good one.

—**Richard Van Busack**
San Francisco, CA

Dear Mr. Bagge,

I am sending you a comic book that I produced. I hope you find it funny. I wanted to send you a copy to return the favor of the many times your comics, have made me laugh. My friends and I love Buddy Bradley so much that we are in a band named "The Buddy Bradley Experience" (the BBE). We are all around 30 years old. We get dressed up in our best Rock Attire (a la Alice Cooper), put on wigs, and play terrible cover songs from the '70s.

People eat it up!

Thanks for inspiring me to make the Horseheads!

Sincerely,
—**Greg Blanton**
Cincinnati, OH

I saw pictures of "BBE' in a Cincy paper, and they are indeed hilarious looking. But I'm still waiting for a tape, Greg!

Dear Editor,

Through a friend's attention I've seen a letter to the editor signed by one Phillip Milstein (*Neat Stuff #7*) whose "All-Acid Casualty Dream Band" includes my name.

Never mind that during the Music Machine days I was as straight as an ice cube tray; if a "casualty" I am, it was from my Western Guru days of the '70s, when I was so far behind I thought I was first. This is just another stain on an otherwise un-blemished record (excuse the pun), the other being named the "Grandfather of Punk."

Acidley,
—**Sean Bonniwell**
Porterville, CA

Dear Petey,

Please help Buddy make the most important transition to stud-hood—you've gotta switch him from BVD's to *Boxers*. I know, for years this hasn't been an issue, but all of a sudden I'm confronted by Buddy's hairy abdomen and the time, Pete, has come:

Boxers:

(1) disguise belly flap and upper thigh stretch marks.

(2) Allow for greater air ventilation; a must if Buddy is prone to any viral/fungal "crotch rot."

(3) have holiday themes; *girlfriends* can buy them (a prozac victim like Valerie won't be caught dead at the "brief" counter).

About the only disadvantage I can think of is that the cold winds of winter whistle through the front porthole of boxers with a greater alacrity than with briefs.

Whisper in Buddy's ear—a girl in the clutches of sexual rapture craves that "baggy" look.

Your friend,
—**Catherine Hollis**
(ex "Girly Girl of New Haven, CT")
Now West Coast dropout slob

Catherine—I'd never recommend boxers to anybody—let alone a cartoon character—since I myself am a "brief" man all the way, and would rather fight than switch. So you'll have to do your own whispering!

Dear Mr. Bagge,

I bought my first pair of underwear at age 32.

—**Patrick Gaffney**
Chicago, IL

LADIES! NOW HERE'S YOUR CHANCE TO

* WIN A DATE * WITH STINKY!

Some of the more eagle-eyed among you recognized a few real-life she-males who appeared as Stinky's "dates" in *Hate* #1. This led to a storm of protest from other local gals who wanted to know why *they* weren't featured arm-in-arm with Leonard the Love God! So, in order to be fair to them as well as to all you other Stinky Admirers out there, we've decided to make a CONTEST out of it! All you need to do is:

- **SEND IN ONE OR MORE GLAMORFUL PHOTOS AND/OR DRAWINGS OF YOURSELF.**
- **EXPLAIN IN 25 WORDS OR LESS WHY YOU'RE WORTHY OF STINKY'S AFFECTION.**

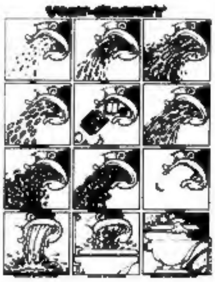
The winner gets to see herself star in a future issue of *Hate* as Stinky's main-squeeze-of-the-day. And we'll be accepting more than one winner, so your chances of appearing in HATE is, well, GRATE! And all you need to qualify is a hole and a heartbeat! So DON'T DELAY, ENTER TODAY!!

Send to: "I WANNA BE STINKY'S DATE," c/o HATE, 7563 Lake City Way NE, Seattle, WA 98115.

NEAT STUFF BY PETER BAGGE (GET IT?)

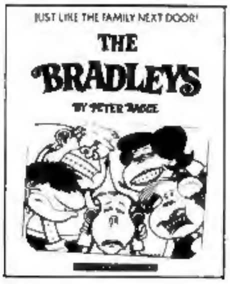
NEAT STUFF #1: The premiere issue, back in a second printing, because you demanded it (didn't you?). **$3.00.**

NEAT STUFF #13: The only first printing of an issue still available. Grab 'em up and make big bucks in the year 2010! **$3.00.**



VOMIT GLOSSARY POSTER: Still the decoration of choice for any frat house or suburban dream home. **$5.00.**

TESTOSTERONE CITY: My very first mini-comic is available for $1.25 exclusively from Starhead Comics, P.O. Box 30044, Seattle, WA 98103.



THE BRADLEYS: The collected misadventures of the Bradley clan, with a brand new cover, printed nice and small for your convenience. **$12.00**

STUDS KIRBY: "THE VOICE OF AMERICA": The biggest asshole in comics gets his own book. Dare you miss it? We think not. **$11.00**

JUNIOR AND OTHER LOSERS: Brand new! Collects tales of Junior, Chet and Bunny Leeway, as well as the notorious "The Reject" from *Weirdo*. **$14.50!**

STUDS KIRBY, VOMIT GLOSSARY, and GIRLY-GIRL T-SHIRTS. $13.00 U.S. or $16.00 Canadian from Mystic Lane Shirt Company, 1829 W. 4th, Hate Dept., Vancouver, B.C. Canada V6J 1M4. Specify size: M, L, XL.

HATE BUTTONS: Show the world how you feel. Only **$2.00** for both—wotta bargain!

HATE #1-3: Early tales of Buddy Bradley as a "grown-up" in the Great Northwest, featuring the Stinkster, Valerie, and George Hamilton the Third! Attention fanboys: These are all *first printings*, and in *mint condition*, making them *really collectible*! **$2.50 each.**

YOUR FLESH T-SHIRT: A spectacular full-color T-shirt reprinting my cover from punk-and-grunge fanzine YOUR FLESH. Send $15.00 for the T-shirt (specify L or XL) to Your Flesh, Box 25146, Minneapolis, MN 55458-6146. Make checks payable to Peter Davis.

DON'T SEND ORDERS FOR *TESTOSTERONE CITY* OR FOR ANY T-SHIRT (OTHER THAN THE OFFICIAL HATE ONE) TO FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS!

Send me the following (all prices include postage and handling):

- ☐ Neat Stuff #1 ($3.00)
- ☐ Neat Stuff #13 ($3.00)
- ☐ The Bradleys ($12.00)
- ☐ Studs Kirby: The Voice of America ($11.00)
- ☐ Junior and Other Losers ($14.50)
- ☐ Hate Buttons ($2.00)
- ☐ Hate #1 ($2.50)
- ☐ Hate #2 ($2.50)
- ☐ Hate #3 ($2.50)
- ☐ Hate #4 ($2.50)
- ☐ 6-issue subscription to *Hate* beginning with #5 ($12.00)
- ☐ Vomit Glossary Poster ($5.00)

name ______________________

address ______________________

city ______________________

state ________ zip ________

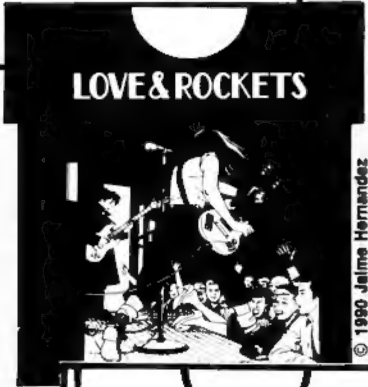
Send to: FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS, 7563 Lake City Way, Seattle, WA 98115. Foreign orders enclose additional 25¢ per comic, 50¢ per book. All orders to be paid in American money (check or money order) or we invade your pitiful country. Six to eight weeks delivery. **SEND US THE MONEY RIGHT AWAY, BECAUSE BABY NEEDS A NEW PAIR OF SHOES!**

T-SHIRTS!

Great-looking T-shirts from six of your very favorite cartoonists in the whole wide wicked world. They're all in full color on white (except for the Jaime Hernandez one, which is red on black). IF PURCHASED AS A CHRISTMAS GIFT FOR YOUR LOVED ONE (CURRENT OR HOPED-FOR), THESE SHIRTS ARE GUARANTEED TO GET YOU LAID—OR WE'LL REFUND YOUR MONEY! *

© 1990 Peter Bagge

© 1990 Robert Crumb



© 1990 Jaime Hernandez

© 1990 Gilbert Hernandez

(1) Tell the world how you feel about it—and about *Hate!* Original design by Peter Bagge.

(2) Words of wisdom from the father of us all! A classic drawing by the one and only R. Crumb.

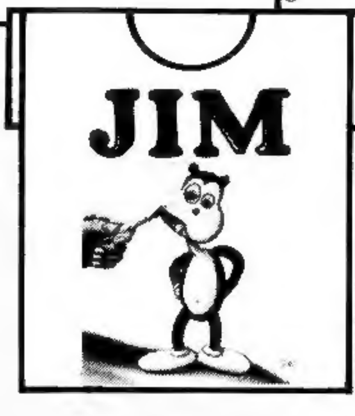
(3) Rock out with Jaime Hernandez's classic cover from *Love and Rockets* #24.

(4) A new drawing by Gilbert Hernandez of the Palomar residents (from *Love and Rockets*).

(5) Young Dan Pussey, Tina, Lloyd Llewellyn, and the other crackpots from *Eightball*, in an original design by Daniel Clowes.

(6) The vaguely disquieting cover illustration to *Jim* #4, by Jim Woodring.

© 1990 Daniel Clowes



© 1990 Jim Woodring

Send me the following T-shirts in the following sizes:

Peter Bagge's I LIKE HATE T-shirt ☐S ☐M ☐L ☐XL

R. Crumb's IT'S A CRUEL WORLD T-shirt ☐S ☐M ☐L ☐XL

Jaime Hernandez's LOVE AND ROCKETS T-shirt ☐S ☐M ☐L ☐XL

Gilbert Hernandez's PALOMAR T-shirt ☐S ☐M ☐L ☐XL

Daniel Clowes's EIGHTBALL T-shirt ☐S ☐M ☐L ☐XL

Jim Woodring's JIM #4 T-shirt ☐S ☐M ☐L ☐XL

I've enclosed $14.95 for each shirt, plus $2.00 for postage and handling ($3.00 outside U.S.) for the first shirt and $1.00 ($1.50 outside U.S.) for each successive one.

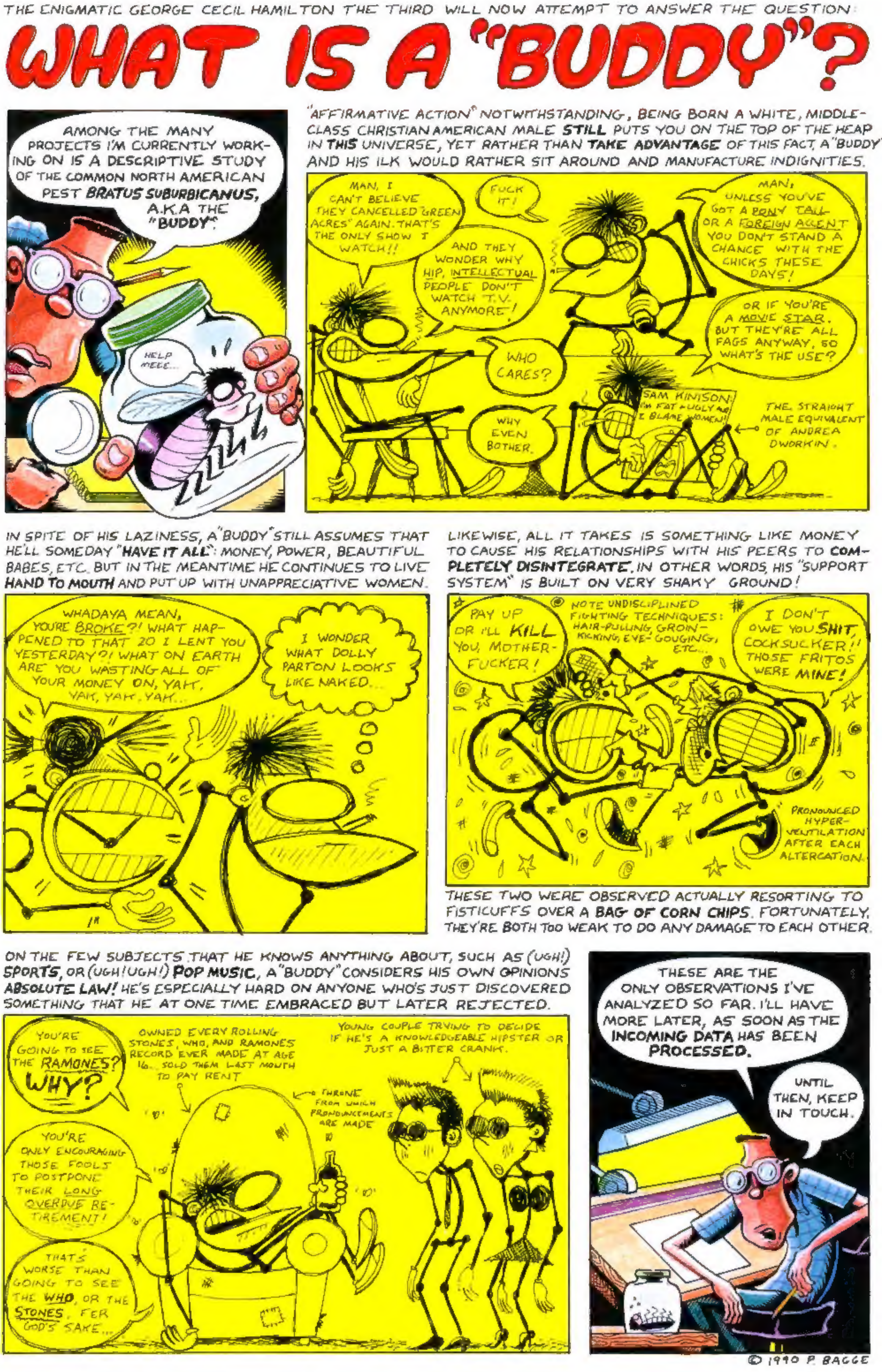
name

address

city state zip

Send orders to FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS, T-SHIRTS DEPT., 7563 Lake City Way, Seattle, WA 98115

* (UPON RETURN OF THE T-SHIRT IN REASONABLY RE-SALEABLE CONDITION, WITH AN EXPLANATION.)


THE ENIGMATIC GEORGE CECIL HAMILTON THE THIRD WILL NOW ATTEMPT TO ANSWER THE QUESTION:
WHAT IS A "BUDDY"?
AMONG THE MANY PROJECTS I'M CURRENTLY WORKING ON IS A DESCRIPTIVE STUDY OF THE COMMON NORTH AMERICAN PEST BRATUS SUBURBICANUS, A.K.A THE "BUDDY".
HELP MEEE...
"AFFIRMATIVE ACTION" NOTWITHSTANDING, BEING BORN A WHITE, MIDDLE-CLASS CHRISTIAN AMERICAN MALE STILL PUTS YOU ON THE TOP OF THE HEAP IN THIS UNIVERSE, YET RATHER THAN TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS FACT, A "BUDDY" AND HIS ILK WOULD RATHER SIT AROUND AND MANUFACTURE INDIGNITIES.
MAN, I CAN'T BELIEVE THEY CANCELLED GREEN ACRES AGAIN. THAT'S THE ONLY SHOW I WATCH!!
FUCK IT!
AND THEY WONDER WHY HIP, INTELLECTUAL PEOPLE DON'T WATCH T.V. ANYMORE!
MAN, UNLESS YOU'VE GOT A PONY TAIL OR A FOREIGN ACCENT YOU DON'T STAND A CHANCE WITH THE CHICKS THESE DAYS!
OR IF YOU'RE A MOVIE STAR. BUT THEY'RE ALL FAGS ANYWAY, SO WHAT'S THE USE?
WHO CARES?
WHY EVEN BOTHER.
SAM KINISON: I'M FAT + UGLY AND I BLAME WOMEN!
THE STRAIGHT MALE EQUIVALENT OF ANDREA DWORKIN.
IN SPITE OF HIS LAZINESS, A "BUDDY" STILL ASSUMES THAT HE'LL SOMEDAY "HAVE IT ALL": MONEY, POWER, BEAUTIFUL BABES, ETC. BUT IN THE MEANTIME HE CONTINUES TO LIVE HAND TO MOUTH AND PUT UP WITH UNAPPRECIATIVE WOMEN.
WHADAYA MEAN, YOU'RE BROKE?! WHAT HAPPENED TO THAT 20 I LENT YOU YESTERDAY?! WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU WASTING ALL OF YOUR MONEY ON, YAK, YAK, YAK, YAK...
I WONDER WHAT DOLLY PARTON LOOKS LIKE NAKED...
LIKEWISE, ALL IT TAKES IS SOMETHING LIKE MONEY TO CAUSE HIS RELATIONSHIPS WITH HIS PEERS TO COMPLETELY DISINTEGRATE. IN OTHER WORDS, HIS "SUPPORT SYSTEM" IS BUILT ON VERY SHAKY GROUND!
PAY UP OR I'LL KILL YOU, MOTHERFUCKER!
NOTE UNDISCIPLINED FIGHTING TECHNIQUES: HAIR-PULLING, GROIN-KICKING, EYE-GOUGING, ETC...
I DON'T OWE YOU SHIT, COCKSUCKER!! THOSE FRITOS WERE MINE!
PRONOUNCED HYPER-VENTILATION AFTER EACH ALTERCATION.
THESE TWO WERE OBSERVED ACTUALLY RESORTING TO FISTICUFFS OVER A BAG OF CORN CHIPS. FORTUNATELY, THEY'RE BOTH TOO WEAK TO DO ANY DAMAGE TO EACH OTHER.
ON THE FEW SUBJECTS THAT HE KNOWS ANYTHING ABOUT, SUCH AS (UGH!) SPORTS, OR (UGH! UGH!) POP MUSIC, A "BUDDY" CONSIDERS HIS OWN OPINIONS ABSOLUTE LAW! HE'S ESPECIALLY HARD ON ANYONE WHO'S JUST DISCOVERED SOMETHING THAT HE AT ONE TIME EMBRACED BUT LATER REJECTED.
YOU'RE GOING TO SEE THE RAMONES? WHY?
YOU'RE ONLY ENCOURAGING THOSE FOOLS TO POSTPONE THEIR LONG OVERDUE RETIREMENT!
THAT'S WORSE THAN GOING TO SEE THE WHO, OR THE STONES, FER GOD'S SAKE...
OWNED EVERY ROLLING STONES, WHO, AND RAMONES RECORD EVER MADE AT AGE 16... SOLD THEM LAST MONTH TO PAY RENT
THRONE FROM WHICH PRONOUNCEMENTS ARE MADE
YOUNG COUPLE TRYING TO DECIDE IF HE'S A KNOWLEDGEABLE HIPSTER OR JUST A BITTER CRANK.
THESE ARE THE ONLY OBSERVATIONS I'VE ANALYZED SO FAR. I'LL HAVE MORE LATER, AS SOON AS THE INCOMING DATA HAS BEEN PROCESSED.
UNTIL THEN, KEEP IN TOUCH.
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